Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man
buy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.
Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.
Cast. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O stay slaue, I must imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done sir?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clow. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.
Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.
Clo. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone:
Harke slaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand see thou doe commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.
Clow. Gardon, O sweet gardon, better then remuneration,
a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweet gardon. I will doe it
sir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*
Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes;

Liedge-